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Group: 2 (Forms 3-5)
Topic: Baseball, Bald Eagle, U.S. President

What Happened

“No, draw the line a bit more curved. Yes, that way.”

The former national military lieutenant guided the odd-looking young teen as she drew her very first landscape of the panoramic beach. The weather was very warm that day, and many beach-goers flocked to the place.

The odd-looking teen, Heather Fawns, had bluish-purple hair that made her stand out like a rebellious punk in a crowded metro station. Onlookers would secretly fish out their phones, snap a photo, and post it online, captioning her as ‘Crazy Punk Kid’. Her classmates, though a minority, accused her of dyeing her hair that colour, which she, in fact, never did.

“You drew that line wrong again,” said Valentia Fawns, the ex-lieutenant. “No – don’t take out that ruler.”

Heather was fed up of being unable to draw the perfectly curved beach line, as it often ended up being a crooked, unwanted paper-ball-like shape. Grudgingly, she tore off the page from the easel and started on a new one. The beach-goers made it hard for her to draw the shoreline properly.

“But mom, why are you so particular about the shoreline? They’re not that *perfectly* curved,” the girl complained.

“It has to be!” she debated, almost like she was shouting. “You won’t see the water rising up to your strangely crooked lines. Just relax your wrist.”

Heather did as she was told, and although the change was as minute as a subatomic particle, she, no rather her hand, sensed improvement. By sunset, she completed the paper with waves on the sea, stickmen on the sandy side, a cliff at the lower-right of the page, with two figures overlooking the beach, and one of the two figures sitting in a chair with an easel in front of her. She did not forget to draw the Sun in the sky, although it was with a smiley face in the blur-toned circle.

Aside from drawing during the day, Heather and her mom, Valentia, stargazed on the flat roof of their cliffside summer house not far-off from Heather’s usual drawing spot. Occasionally, they preferred to have their backs on the ground while Valentia randomly pointed at their zenith.

“Pleasant summer, don’t you think?” Valentia asked one night. She had prepared watermelon slices as midnight snacks and some cans of beer for herself. Heather was a minor, so she sucked up to soda drinks instead.

Heather replied, “It’s typical, provided we’ve seen only red Antares before midnight all summer, but never all the stars, not even the Ptolemy cluster.”

Valentia, sensing her daughter’s impending distress, changed the topic. “Well I suppose you might want to do your summer break homework now. I’ll call you again when Cassiopeia’s out.”

Heather considered the idea for a while. “Yeah, I suppose so.” She stood up and went back into the house. Seconds later, her mother saw her climbing down the stairs with two feet worth of homework. Heather proceeded to do as much as she could on the dining table, aided by the bright light overhead.

Hours passed, and Heather was never called out by her mother. When dawn came, she finally realised her absence, though it was a tad bit too late.

“MOM?” she called out, searching the cliffs and front yard. ‘Maybe she went to bed upstairs,’ she thought. When she entered her room, she saw it was untouched, and there was no sign of Valentia anywhere. Heather was about to exit the room when she saw a leather-bound book in between paperback-covered books on the table. She walked over, and curiously opened it. It was a daily logged journal.

August 25th, 2015 – Heather was still unable to draw neat curved lines despite the many attempts I made instructing her. It seems her skills in artistry are infant-level, but she made progress when I saw the amount of stickmen on the beach matching the actual numbers, even the beach bags.

Heather flipped several pages back.

March 1st, 2015 – Some rude youngsters in school bullied her again today. She had stitches on her head at the hospital from a blow with a baseball bat. Surprisingly, she was well off, and did not suffer any side effect like concussion, just heavy bleeding.

She remembered walking out of class late, and was frantically ransacking her locker for the next class when something hit the back of her head. “So mum knew about this,” she said to herself.

As she turned back the pages, she found the entries increasingly disturbing. All of them were about her. She flipped into one of the earliest entries in the book.

November 11th, 1999 – It was a turning point in my life yesterday. Major General Newton summoned me to his office. When I came out, I was holding a baby. I thought it was his when his secretary pushed the cart in from an adjoining room. I asked if it was his, to which

he immediately answered ‘no’. “It is from outer space,” he said as I recalled yesterday’s meeting. “Seeing as how you’re going to take care of this ‘creature’, I might as well spill the beans – however don’t tell anyone what I told you: This baby was found in an extraterrestrial craft that crashed on military operation grounds. It was alive, protected by its alien mother who died with what I suppose was a male alien. Their corpses were taken back to the lab for examination.” It was shocking, truly. My direct employer, the U.S President, even went to see me personally at my house to verify that I would keep to the signed secrecy on that paper.

November 12th 1999 – I was still dreadfully, *very* confused.

April 14th 2000 – The baby alien began to resemble a human. She spoke her first words just weeks after she was left in my charge. Now she could name constellations she saw in the sky. I found her to be creepy. At times her eyes would flash purple, and become blue again. Although I keep debating if it was just some light refraction.

Unbelievable, Heather thought. She, an alien?

She left the house with the book to Washington D.C. to see the President. If the contents were genuine, she would have no trouble being granted an audience with him. She boarded a plane along the east coast of the States, and took a cab to the country’s capital. The taxi driver jokingly asked if she was running away from home. “My mom disappeared,” she answered, and remained silent until she reached the White House. The driver was appalled.

All she had to do was state her name to the guard on duty, and he would whisper into his tiny communication device and lead her straight to the President’s office.

“Hey, alien girl.” The President was *surprisingly* casual, not like how she imagined him to be.

“My mom’s missing,” she told him.

“I know – we’ve lost track of the microchip embedded in her last night.”

“Was she abducted? Did some other bad aliens do that?”

The President grew sceptical. He motioned everybody in the office out, leaving only the two of them. “What makes you say so?” he asked, softly this time. Heather fished out Valentia’s log book.

“She wrote it down, saying that she might have witnessed ‘unwanted visitation’ one night. Three ships, she wrote – years ago.

He thought deep and hard, reading some entries Valentia made. “I was just wondering – did you remember pointing at the sky that night they visited you?”

“Well, I guess.”

Mr. President pressed a number on the office telephone. “Agent Telemann, commence operation A036. While you’re at it, ask one of your men to bring me File #56 from the archive, row 78.”

“What’s going on now?” she asked, sounding a bit nervous now.

“I believe, that your hand works like a transponder to certain signals – at least according to what she wrote here,” he said, gesturing to the page filled on 7th July 2002. It wrote : “Her finger would jerk upwards like a needle pointing north, refusing to stray from the point, and they saw us. I was scared beyond imagination while Heather bounced up and down, as if delighted with a new toy. She kept pointing at them. Nevertheless, they left after leaving us a message: ‘We will return someday. Definitely.’”

“Mr President, I know this seems sudden, but, could I pilot one craft? I might be able to catch up to them. No, don’t hide it – I know you have a secret spacecraft prototype codenamed ‘Bald Eagle’. She wrote it here. Besides, I don’t care about all these alien things, I just want to bring her back – even if she’s biologically not my mother. I want to spend my summer with her.”

“Very well,” he said, sounding defeated. “Agent Telemann, show Ms. Heather Fawns *her* ‘Bald Eagle’.”